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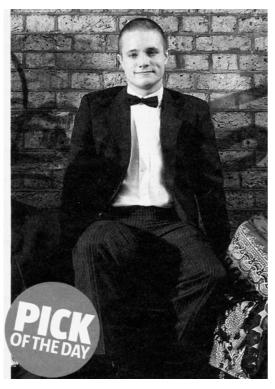
2010

tijdvak 1

	Engels
tevens oud programma	Engels

Tekstboekje

MUST-SEE TV



PICK OF THE DAY

The Secret Millionaire

Channel 4, 9pm

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Each week, a different millionaire goes undercover among the needy to decide who is most deserving of his or her generosity: this new series is either a jolly good wheeze or an alarming example of social voyeurism masked as philanthropy, depending on your point of view. Either way, it makes for very watchable television.

Tonight's first Rockefeller is Ben Way (picture). At just 16 years of age, the new-technology boffin signed his first major deal for £25 million. The baby-faced millionaire still looks much younger than his actual age of 25, and having prospered despite a broken home and severe dyslexia, he now wants to help others to overcome life's obstacles.

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You'd think that sticking this moneyed choirboy in the notorious 'Murder Mile' of inner-London's Hackney would be an accident waiting to happen but, thanks to his earnestly honest approach, Way acquits himself well as a volunteer at a local youth centre. There he meets amazingly committed stalwarts who do so much for those around them yet ask for nothing in return. Ufu, the streetwise manager of Pedro Youth Club, seems to have kept it going single-handedly, while former boxing champion James Cook dedicates his life to battling the scourges of drugs and crime. Meanwhile, talented teenage artist Wayne dreams of selling his own range of designer fashion.

Of course, the money shot here is the money shot, but before we learn whose name is on the cheque, this show's positive portrait of a community adds up to much more than just the financial bottom line.

Radio and TV Times

Language dilemma for native English speakers

In an article in The Guardian, Agnès Poirier argued that, to understand the world better, Britons need to be freed from what she calls "their monolingual misery". The following two letters comment on this.

While agreeing with the spirit of Agnès Poirier's call for multilingualism (The high road to decadence, December 20), I am not convinced that knowing lots of languages necessarily produces model world-citizens. For one thing, it is perfectly possible to learn a language without gaining a greater understanding of its native speakers and socio-cultural heritage.

Having taught English in several European countries over the past 10 years, I noticed how few of those I taught, in some cases to a highly competent level, knew about or cared for the culture of any English-speaking country. For such students, English opens the gate to international business. And being involved in international business does not necessarily lead to "richer cultural exchanges and lasting peace".

Then there is the problem of which languages native English speakers should learn. If you're from France or Slovakia, you can (and do) learn a couple of foreign languages (English plus one other) and operate quite happily in the globalised world. But which languages do you learn if you're a native English speaker? For there to be true multilingual equity across Europe, British teenagers would have to be fed a drastic diet of 30-odd

languages. And therein lies the problem. Even if we're learning say, Spanish, Russian, Japanese, German, Italian or French, we're not learning Portuguese, Gaelic, Polish, Swahili or Romanian... The rather tragic result is that language tuition fails to meet the criterion of usefulness.

Stuart Wrigley Egham, Surrey

The excuses for British monolingualism are less persuasive than ever. Being an island is no longer a hindrance. It is snobbery on the part of many Britons that the many foreign languages most regularly encountered - Polish, Punjabi, Gujarati - are not those they would encourage their children to learn.

Despite being statistically one of the most cosmopolitan countries in western Europe, Britain has a relatively closed culture and arguably the most parochial media. As a nation, Britons have an historic responsibility for the English language. If it is not to become some kind of global, cultural bleach, it must remain open to the influences of foreign languages, and all of the resources for this are on our doorstep.

Nicoló Milanese

Godmanchester, Cambridgeshire

De volgende tekst is het begin van hoofdstuk 1 uit de roman One Big Damn Puzzler, van John Harding.

ONE

The day the plane brought the white man was an important one for Managua. He was, as usual, occupied by his translation of *Hamlet* into language the rest of the tribe would understand, and he could have done without the interruption because this was the day he had set aside to work on the famous soliloquy. As the only islander who could even read, let alone write, Managua felt the burden of his culture upon his shoulders the way he imagined an old turtle bore the weight of its carapace upon its back: it was certainly a secure home, a comfort and a blessing, but at times like this, when he had a tricky scene to write, it was plenty damn heavy too.

Although he later swore about the coming of the white man and the disruption to his work that the resultant excitement caused — not to mention the anxiety to him personally — if truth be told, long before the whirring of the plane's three propellers stirred the torpid island air, his task was already suffering insufferable disturbances from his wife Lamua who once again had gotten herself into one big sweat about the pig.

Is be or is be not, is be one big damn puzzler he had written. He read it over again, allowing his lips to move so he could get the feel of how the words would sound, although he dared not permit even a whisper to escape him. The way Lamua was bustling about the hut, moving this and that (as though she might find the pig here! as if you could conceal even a bantam pig in this single, sparsely furnished room!), any sound from him would be jumped upon like a snake by *koku-koku* and taken as an invitation to conversation.

'I is tell you now,' she muttered. 'I is eat that pig if is be last thing I is do.'
Managua adjusted his spectacles and peered more intently at his *Complete Shakespeare*, partly by way of showing Lamua that he was ignoring her but also because the print was so bloody damn small. He must see Miss Lucy about some new reading glasses. This pair seemed to be losing all their strength, but then again that was only to be expected; he had had them for a couple of years and they were second-hand when he got them, or rather *second-eye*, he told himself. He smiled, congratulating himself on his little joke. It was the kind of joke Shakespeare made all the time, which just showed the benefit of reading the great man, and why it would do the islanders good to see *Hamlet*.

'You is better not laugh at me now, man', snapped Lamua, catching him a cuff round the head as she passed his mat. 'I is tell you, that bloody pig you is be so fond of is be good as dead.'

Managua squinted at the next line.

'Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer' was how Shakespeare had got it. Managua had looked up *nobler* in the dictionary and realized right away that it was one hard word to translate. The island didn't have any nobles. There wasn't even a chief, like he'd heard tell some islands possessed. When something

needed to be decided on, all the men just crawled into the *kassa* house and talked it over until everyone was agreed. If it was some little thing they indulged in some *kassa* first, which generally meant the matter got decided on pretty damn quick since no-one was usually in a mind to argue. If it was something important then they refrained from *kassa* on the grounds that they needed to think clearly. But if people were thinking clearly in different directions then they might grind a few *kassa* seeds, mix up the paste and keep spooning it down until they were all so out of their heads that no-one cared enough to argue about what they decided and just wanted to settle the thing plenty fast so they could really get stuck into the *kassa*. *Kassa* pretty much ruled out any necessity for nobles.

Lamua was sweeping now and a more disputatious person than Managua might have felt that a disproportionate amount of dust from the hard earth floor was ending up on his books, but he simply brushed it away and got on with his work.

The costly appliance of science

Genetic selection has some alarming implications - and could widen the wealth gap beyond repair.

Peter Singer

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1 The advance of knowledge is often a mixed blessing. Over the past 60 years, nuclear physics has been one obvious example of this truth. Over the next 60 years, genetics may be another.

Today, enterprising firms offer, for a fee, to tell you about your genes. They claim that this knowledge will help you live longer and better. You might, for example, have extra checkups to detect early signs of the diseases that you are most at risk of contracting, or you could alter your diet to reduce that risk. If your chances of a long lifespan are not good, you might buy more life insurance, or even retire early to have enough time to do what you always wanted to do.

Defenders of privacy have worked, with some success, to prevent insurance companies from requiring genetic testing before issuing life insurance. But if individuals can do tests from which insurance companies are barred, and if those who receive adverse genetic information then buy additional life insurance without disclosing the tests that they have taken, they are cheating other holders of life insurance. Premiums will have to increase to cover the losses, and those with a good genetic prognosis may opt out of life insurance to avoid subsidising the cheats, driving premiums higher still.

<u>5</u>. The United States government accountability office sent identical genetic samples to several of the testing companies, and got widely varying, and mostly useless, advice. But as the science improves, the insurance problem will have to be faced.

Selecting our children raises more profound ethical problems. This is not new. In developed countries, the routine testing of older pregnant women, combined with the availability of abortion, has significantly reduced the incidence of conditions such as Down's syndrome. In some regions of India and China where couples are anxious to have a son, selective abortion has been the ultimate form of sexism, and has been practised to such an extent that a generation is coming of age in which males face a shortage of female partners.

Selection of children need not involve abortion. For several years, some couples at risk of passing a genetic disease on to their children have used in vitro fertilisation, producing several embryos that can be tested for the faulty gene and implanting in the woman's uterus only those without it. Now couples are using this technique to avoid passing on genes that imply a significantly elevated risk of developing certain forms of cancer.

For many parents, nothing is more important than giving their child the best possible start in life. They buy expensive toys to maximise their child's learning potential and

spend much more on private schools or after-school tutoring in the hope that he or she will excel in the tests that determine entry to elite universities. It may not be long before we can identify genes that improve the odds of success in this quest.

Many will condemn this as a resurgence of "eugenics", the view, especially popular in the early 20th century, that hereditary traits should be improved through active intervention. So it is, in a way, and in the hands of authoritarian regimes, genetic selection could resemble earlier forms of eugenics, with their advocacy of odious, pseudoscientific official policies, particularly concerning "racial hygiene".

In liberal, market-driven societies, however, eugenics will not be coercively imposed by the state for the collective good. Instead, it will be the outcome of parental choice and the workings of the free market. If it leads to healthier, smarter people with better problem-solving abilities, that will be a good thing. But even if parents make choices that are good for their children, there could be perils as well as blessings.

In the case of sex selection, it is easy to see that couples who independently choose the best for their own child can produce an outcome that makes all their children worse off than they would have been if no one could select the sex of their child. Something similar could happen with other forms of genetic selection. Since above-average height correlates with above-average income, and there is clearly a genetic component to height, it is not fanciful to imagine couples choosing to have taller children. The outcome could be a genetic "arms race" that leads to taller and taller children, with significant environmental costs in the additional consumption required to fuel larger human beings.

The most alarming implication of this mode of genetic selection, however, is that only the rich will be able to afford it. The gap between rich and poor, already a challenge to our ideas of social justice, will become a chasm that mere equality of opportunity will be powerless to bridge. That is not a future that any of us should approve.

The Guardian

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Debt collecting

Knock knock

1 As Britain's debt mountain swells, so does the uncollected part of it. Last year, debt collection agencies handled 20m individual cases, together worth over £5 billion (\$8.4 billion), of a total of £140 billion unsecured. Recovering credit-card debt is the fastest growing. Other unpaid bills, from bank loans to book clubs, are piling up too.

The pickings are thin, chiefly because the legal system is slow, inefficient, costly and toothless. A survey from Leeds University shows that big lenders like creditcard companies typically recover just 2-3% of outstanding balances through litigation. For debts below £1,000 going to law is often simply not worth the trouble.

3 Even if a creditor wins a court judgment that orders the debtor to pay up and licenses bailiffs to repossess property, the debt remains unpaid in most cases.

Debtors may flit, hide, or simply turn out to have nothing worth seizing.

If litigation is mostly an empty threat, that leaves the second option: a debt-collection agency. The process starts with an intimidating letter. If that goes unanswered, the phone calls start. If the agency knows, or can find your e-mail address and mobile phone number, they can pester you at work or in the pub. There are threats of litigation, and worse — someone comes round to "discuss" the debt face to face.

But if the debtor weathers this, there is little more the collectors can do. Although often mistaken for bailiffs, they lack their powers. With a court order, bailiffs may enter private premises through open windows or unlocked doors: when collecting the state's debts, they are even allowed to force an entry.

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So the debt collectors have had to adopt different, softer tactics. The larger agencies offer advice to debtors about how to pay off the money they owe. That is clever: if different collection agencies are pursuing different debts, there is a race to be paid first. In an industry that once featured bulky men with bad haircuts and no necks, over half the workforce is now female.

What that fails to collect is then sold on to agencies, at 8-17 pence in the pound, depending on its age. "Distressed" debt which is really delinquent can sell for 1 or 2p. These agencies can keep a debt alive as long as five years, sending reminders now and then in the hope that the debtor's circumstances will change.

Nick Wilson, author of the Leeds University report, says that in the current system the rational thing to do with debt-collectors is to "ignore them completely". Though many debtors do undoubtedly want to pay off their loans, there is a strong incentive simply to unplug the telephones and ignore the doorbell. In practice, the main penalty for non-

payment is a bad credit rating and no more loans. That is not too terrible a deterrent for a debtor who has borrowed irresponsibly.

9 So long as the legal system works equally badly for everyone,

the lenders who lose out from the feckless simply shift the cost elsewhere. A sorry state of affairs, but likely to last.

The Economist

Common sense abducted

Aliens: Why They Are Here by Bryan Appleyard

IN NOVEMBER 1974 the giant Arecibo radio telescope in Puerto Rico broadcast a special message to M13, a distant cluster of 300,000 stars, some of which might be orbited by lifebearing planets. The message contained line drawings of a human being, together with details of the molecular structure of DNA and other such useful information, and it ended with the cosmically fatuous word "Hi!"

As Bryan Appleyard points out, although this message has now been travelling at the speed of light for more than 30 years, it is still roughly 25,070 light years from its destination. "It will arrive in the vicinity of M13 in the year 27,074, so we could expect a response in 52,174, assuming they return the call at once."

The combination of

19 in this story deserves
a moment's notice. A group
of astronomers had decided,
on the basis of their
scientific knowledge, that
there was a reasonable
chance that intelligent life
existed somewhere else in

the universe. Their science also told them that they would have to wait more than 50,000 years for a radioed response — just as it told them that a physical spacecraft sent from M13 would take much longer, since no solid object can be accelerated to the speed of light. **20** they went ahead and made the broadcast, complete with its geeky greeting.

The most reasonable position to take on the question of extraterrestrial life is that while it is quite possible that such life exists somewhere, it is very unlikely that humans will ever encounter it. This is an issue which should therefore rest at the outermost fringes of our imaginations. Yet modern cultural history tells a very different story:

aliens now populate so many novels, films and television programmes that no imagination can <u>21</u> them.

The title and subtitle of Bryan Appleyard's new book, Aliens: Why They Are Here, might best be described as a bit of a tease. Appleyard, a respected journalist and commentator, is not claiming that aliens have landed; his "here" means here in our mental world and popular culture. But the fact that many people do believe that aliens are literally here (or close enough, at any rate, to snatch humans from time to time) is, of course, part of our culture too. This is what

distinguishes <u>22</u> from Tolkien's orcs and elves, which many people may have imagined but few claim actually to have met.

__23__. George Adamski for instance, author of the classic text



Flying Saucers Have Landed, met Orthon, a long-haired young man from Venus, in the Californian desert in 1952. Adamski could tell he was an alien because he wore reddish-brown shoes and "his trousers were not like mine". Orthon spoke to him telepathically, and arranged for him to be taken on a tour of the solar system which included a visit to Venus, where, as it turned out, the late Mrs Adamski had been reincarnated.

According to Appleyard, there are three possible ways of talking about experiences of aliens. First comes the "nuts and bolts" position, which treats them as literal descriptions of physical reality. Then there is the "third realm" approach, which says that aliens may be real, but not in a physical sense—like angels, they exist as some other kind of being, __24__. And the third approach is "psychosocial": this assumes that aliens are illusory, but tries to account for the human origins of the illusion.

Yet Appleyard cannot leave it at that. He wants to suggest that we should look at the claims of the abductees with more respect; he argues that the differences between ___26__

should be "blurred", on the grounds that whatever happens is, in the end, just happening in someone's head. This is a surprisingly mushy conclusion, coming from such a clearheaded thinker and writer.

Unfortunately, the blurring has also got into the facts. In order to build up respect for those who believe in real encounters with aliens, Appleyard has copied historical claims from their books and websites, presenting them to his readers as if they were genuine.

Most seriously, Appleyard reproduces, in a list of mysterious disappearances, a story about an entire regiment of the British Army being carried away by a hovering cloud at Gallipoli in 1915. The story (originally about a battalion, the 1/5 Norfolks) was investigated and 28 years ago: the soldiers were killed by Turkish forces, and their remains now lie in the Azmak cemetery. The suggestion that they had been carried off into the sky was made for the first time by three confused veterans in 1965; it was then included in a famous faked document, the so-called First Annual Report of "Majestic 12" (an alleged top-secret US Government committee on contacts with aliens), which purported to date from the early 1950s.

That Bryan Appleyard should treat this document as genuine is, alas, like the 13th stroke of the clock: it _______ everything that has gone before.

Noel Malcolm in *The Sunday Telegraph*

The divine right to abuse other species

Dominion

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The Power of Man, the Suffering of Animals, and the Call to Mercy by Matthew Scully

Reviewed by Nicols Fox

There is no logic or consistency to the way we act toward them now. The person with the pampered Dalmatian may have no problem at all slicing into veal from a calf that led a brief and miserable life. It's not just the soulfuleye standard. Veal calves, lambs and even pigs have soulful eyes.

Matthew Scully's *Dominion* bravely takes on this complex and challenging question. Because it's the soulful eve we see, the one we're forced to look at, that seems to count the most, it is no accident that the dreadful things done to animals by human hands are carefully hidden from public view. Scully is a vegetarian. Perhaps more to the point, he is a conservative, and as a special assistant and senior speech writer to former President George W. Bush, one with solid credentials. It is likely that only someone so well-positioned could confront the real puzzle, however, which is how the Bible-inspired belief in dominion over the creatures of the Earth has been perverted to support the widespread and often needless torture of animals in the name of science, agriculture and sport.

Why do so many otherwise kindly Christians and compassionate conservatives not only tolerate the widespread abuse of farm, laboratory and game animals but also routinely



An animal rights activist protests European Union farm policy in Brussels.

label those who attempt to defend these animals as dangerous, misguided radicals, dismissing every argument for mercy? And how precisely did Christianity and conservatism become allied with an agriculture industry that treats food animals as so many production units whose growth and slaughter are to be maximized no matter what the cost?

The answer, Scully says, comes down to simple anthropocentrism: Too much concern for animals is threatening to a worldview that puts humans at the apex of God's creation. Compassion is a slippery slope. Start giving animals rights, according to the thinking, and soon humans won't have any.

Scully thinks this is nonsense, nothing more than a selective reading of Scripture that, in attempting to justify our insatiable appetites and rapacious self-interest, conveniently ignores the great tenderness to animals expressed throughout the Bible. And yet science, industry and religion have collaborated to create an elaborate construct that allows us to have our chicken tenders and babyback ribs without a shred of remorse for the thousands of creatures

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subjected to unspeakable brutality before their short lives end in the bloody agony of slaughter.

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Animals, according to the behaviorist view, have no consciousness: They have no thoughts or emotions, and thus cannot really suffer in any human sense of the word. More nonsense, says Scully, who finds other science to support what any pet owner or horse breeder knows without question – that animals do indeed think and feel. 35, the Cartesian view of animals as nothing more than machines has led to the dehumanization of all life. It's a mindset that allows science to cheerfully anticipate growing human replacement parts in animal "volunteers," rearranging bits and pieces of various species to create whatever creatures can be envisioned, and cloning anything that moves. A little closer reading of the Bible, Scully suggests, might identify this as hubris of the worst sort.

In his reportorial mode, Scully takes the reader to a meeting of the International Whaling Commission, where Japan and Norway argue for the right to go after what remains of these massive sea mammals, then tours a hog-rearing facility where anxious, tightly-penned, unhealthy-looking sows give birth to hormone-enhanced litters. It's all unpalatable. But it's the philosophical justifications for these endeavors that occupy Scully most fully. Challenging the daunting coalition of science, religion and commerce, he skilfully refutes almost every argument that allows the misery and suffering of animals to be tolerated.

Scully has written what is surely destined to be a classic defense of mercy. A master of language, he leaves a memorable phrase on virtually every page. Yet our relationship to animals remains trickier than he acknowledges. Caring for God's creatures can go just so far before it becomes fanaticism. Members of India's Hindu Jain sect sweep the street as they go along to avoid stepping on an insect. Surely raising mice simply for experimentation is a perversion of stewardship, and yet setting a trap for a mouse in the pantry is a reasonable thing to do. Scully argues that there is a kind of natural moral governor that tells us what is acceptable if we will only pay attention. Reasonable lines must be drawn. But it won't be simple.

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Scully seems to imply that every bite of meat must be accompanied by guilt. In today's world of factory farming, he's probably right. Humanely reared and slaughtered farm animals are scarce. Yet the conservative Scully fails to acknowledge that the appalling conditions on today's industrialized farms are the inevitable result of a national cheap-food policy, one abetted by a global marketplace that insists on absolute efficiency in food production. When the consumer is driven by the same economic incentive, never questioning 38, factory farms thrive. A workable economic system that allows for the incorporation of other values may be as challenging to devise as it will be to implement – which means that more remains to be written on this subject. Let's hope that Scully will oblige.

The Washington Post

FILM

Rebels With No Cause



ANGST ANEW: A refreshing view of depressed Germans pondering life

N UPPER-CLASS GERMAN family arrives home from vacation to find life not quite as they left it: their furniture has been piled up in the middle of one room, their porcelain soldier collection has been dumped in the bidet and the stereo is tucked neatly on the shelf – of the refrigerator. A note left by the intruders, who have stolen nothing, reads, "Your Days of Plenty are Numbered." So begins German director Hans Weingarten's new film, "The Edukators," a tale of three disillusioned twenty-something Berliners who rebel against those evils of modern society capitalism, globalization and yuppies. Through the personalities of Peter, his girlfriend Jule, and

Jan, Weingarten captures the dissatisfaction of a generation of Europeans who feel they are living in a post-idealist world. They want something to believe in, to fight for — they're just not sure what that is, and their struggle leaves them feeling lost.

At times action-packed, at others humorous, the film follows the trio to a climax at a secluded mountainside retreat, where they have ended up with a hostage businessman Herr Hardenberg after a botched break-in at his house. The three begin to connect with their captive, and in turn, learn about themselves. A former idealist who once hoped to change the world himself, Hardenberg gives them a preview of their future. "You hardly notice," he explains, "then one day, to your surprise, at the polls you vote conservative." Thanks to Weingarten's crisp editing, the sharp textured cinematography and his development of the principal characters, you'll leave "The Edukators" feeling much like the youths do when they leave the mountain — as if you've never contemplated the bitter truth of reality before.

GINANNE BROWNELL

Newsweek

Lees bij de volgende teksten steeds eerst de vraag voordat je de tekst zelf raadpleegt.

Tekst 9



Monkeys cross the road outside the presidential palace in Delhi.

Delhi monkeys around with primate problem

By Jo Johnson in New Delhi

"Softly, softly catchee monkey" is all very well but for Delhi, finding a home for hundreds of Rhesus macaques that have been rounded up in snatch raids across the Indian capital is proving a real difficulty.

Overcrowding at a special monkey prison at Rajokari on the outskirts of the city is causing headaches for the authorities, who are under pressure to comply with a 2004 Supreme Court order requiring the city to be monkey-free.

The state of Madhya Pradesh this week filed an objection to a court order requiring it to take a shipment of 300 Delhi monkeys, arguing that they would destroy habitats, run amok in villages and spread diseases among humans.

An earlier batch of 250 Delhi monkeys released in the forest of Palpur Kuno near Gwalior had been "creating problems" for locals and had upset the ecological balance of their new habitat by eating birds' eggs, the state government said.

Last month Himachal Pradesh turned down monkey shipments and four other

states may follow suit, which might force Delhi to use its meagre resources for infrastructure development in the form of building more monkey prisons.

Man-monkey conflict is intensifying, with an estimated 100 people a day being bitten across the country. Extermination drives are not a serious option because of the popularity among many Hindus of Hanuman, a deity with simian features.

Since India banned the export of monkeys for medical experimentation in 1978, its Rhesus macaque population had soared from 200,000 to over 500,000 in 1999, with more than half of them living in human habitations.

Environmentalists say the problem is not the rising number of monkeys but the increase in the urban population and its encroachment on forest land. Delhi's human population increased by 50 per cent to 13.8m between 1991 and 2001.

"There is an increase in man-monkey conflicts and in the absence of a management plan of both forests and commensal monkeys, the problem of man-monkey conflict is only going to increase," says Dr Ikbal Malik, a primatologist. "Building more monkey prisons would not be the answer at all. The construction of the cage was one of many many things that the government has done wrong. We need monkey sanctuaries across the country."

Before the export ban, India used to ship tens of thousands of Rhesus monkeys to the West for all types of research by pharmaceutical and biomedical companies, as well as by government-run military, space and nuclear research institutes.

Since 1978, illegal trapping of forest monkeys has continued for research within India. Dr Malik says research has shown that haphazard trapping leads to "chaotic fissioning" of their groups and to their dispersal into human habitations.

Most government offices in Delhi have opted for a direct approach. Although keeping leashed monkeys is illegal, many have chained langurs, an aggressive species of monkey that is used to scare away the Rhesus.

Financial Times

Let op: de laatste tekst van dit examen staat op de volgende pagina.

CONTRACT

THIS AGREEMENT, made and entered into on April 1, 2009, by and between Seaford, the Seller, and Miller's, the Buyer:

1. The seller hereby undertakes to transfer and deliver to the buyer on November 30, 2009, the following described goods:

10,000 Nordman fir Christmas trees

- 2. The buyer hereby undertakes to accept the goods and pay for them in accordance with the terms of the contract.
- 3. It is agreed that identification shall not be deemed to have been made until both the buyer and the seller have agreed that the goods in question are to be appropriated to the performance of the contract with the buyer.
- 4. The buyer shall make payment for the goods at the time when and at the place where the goods are received by him.
- 5. The risk of loss from any casualty to the goods regardless of the cause thereof shall be on the seller until the goods have been accepted by the buyer.
- 6. The seller warrants that the goods are now free and at the time of delivery shall be free from any security interest or other lien or encumbrance.
- 7. The seller further warrants that at the time of signing this contract he neither knows nor has reason to know of the existence of any outstanding title or claim of title hostile to his rights in the goods.
- 8. The buyer shall have the right to examine the goods on arrival, and within three business days after such delivery he must give notice to the seller of any claim for damages on account of the condition, quality, or grade of the property, and must specify the basis of his claim in detail. The failure of the buyer to comply with these rules shall constitute irrevocable acceptance of the goods.
- 9. Executed in duplicate, one copy of which was delivered to and retained by the buyer, the day and year first above written.

/S/	 	 	
/S/	 	 	